A Tragic Episode of Early Life in Texas.

BY GEN. GEORGE P. ALFORD.

In 1833 a small colony was formed in Illinois, moved to the then Mexican province of Texas, and settled in a beauprovince of Texas, and solution Navasota tiful and fertile region on the Navasota River, about two miles from the present city of Groesbeck, the county seat of Limestone County. The colony consisted of nine families, of which Elder John Parker was the patrierchal head; his aged wife; their son James W. Parker, his wife and four single children; their merrie t daughter Rachel and her husband, J. H. S. Plummer, and infant son fifteen months old; another married daughter, Sarah, and her husband, L. D. Nixon; Silas M. Parker (another son of Elder John), his wife and four children; Ben B. Parker (another son of Elder John), unm rried; Mrs. Nixon, Sr., mother of Mrs. John W. Parker; Mrs. Elizabeth Kellogg, another daughter of Mrs. Nixon, Sr.; Mrs. Duty; Sam M. Frost, his wife and two children; Geo. C. Dwight, his wife and two children; in

all thirty-four persons. They erected a block-house, which was known as Fort Parker, for protection against the assault of hostile Indians. This structure was made of solid logs, closely knit together and bewed down so as to make a compact, perfect square, without openings of any kind until it reached a height of ten or twelve feet, when the structure widened on each side, forming a projection impossible to climb, The lower story, reached only by an interior ladder, was used as a place of storage for provisions. The upper story was divided into two large rooms, with portholes for the use of guns, which rooms were used as living rooms, and reached only by a ladder from the outside, which was pulled up at night, after the occupants had ascended, making a safe fortification against a re sonable force, unless as aile t by fire. These the valley of the Wichita, forever put to hardy sons of toil tilled their adjacent rest the brave and knightly Pe-ta-nofields by day, always taking their arms with them, and retired to the fort at night. Success crowned their labors, and they were prosperous and happy.

On the morning of May 18, 1836, the men, unconscious of impending danger, left as usual for their fields, a m le distant. Scarcely had they left the inclosure when the fort was attacked by about seven hundred Comanches and Kiowas, who were waiting in ambush. A gallant and most resolute defense was made, many savages being sent by swift bullets to their "happy hunting ground. but it was impossible to stem the terrible assault, and Fort Parker fell. Then began the carnival of death. Elder John Parker, Silas M. Parker, Ben F. Parker, Sam M. Frost and Robert Frost were killed and scalped in the presence of their horror-stricken families. Mrs. John Parker, Granny Parker and Mrs. Duty were dangerously wounded and left for dead, and the following were carried into a captivity worse than death: Mrs. Rachel Plummer, Jas. Pratt, Plummer, her two year old son; Mrs. Elizabeth Keltogg, Cynthia Ann Parker, nine years old, and her little brother John, aged six; both children of Silas M. Parker.

The remainder of the colony made their escape, and after incredible suffering, being forced even to the dire necessity of eating skunks to save their lives, they reached Fort Houston, now the re-idence of Judge John H. Reagan, United States Senator, about three miles from the present city of Palestine, in Anderson County, where they obtained prompt succor, and a relief party buried their

We will now attempt briefly, to follow the fortunes of the poor captives. The fir-t night after the messacre the savages camped on an open prairie, near a water hole, staked their horses, pitched their camp and threw out their videttes. Then they brought out their prisoners and stripped them and tied their hands behand them, and their feet closely together with rawhide thongs, so tightly as to cut the flesh, threw them upon their faces and the braves gathering around with the yet bloody dripping scalps of their martyred kindred, began ther usual war dance. alternately dancing, screaming, yelling, stamping upon their helpless vic-tims, beating their naked bodies with bows and arrows until the flowing blood almost strangled them. These orgies continued at intervals through the terrible night, which seemed to have no and, these frail women suffering and compelled to listen to the cry of their tender

little children. Mr. Kellogg, more fortunate than the others, soon fell into the hands of the Keechi Indians, who, six months later sold her to the Delawares, who carried her to Nacogdoches, where this writer then lived, a small child with his parents. Here she was ransomed for \$150 by General Sam Houston, who promptly restored her to her kindred.

Mr. Rachel Plummer remained a captive for eighteen months, suffering untold agonies and indignities, when she was ransomed by a Santa Fe trader named William Donahue, who soon after escorted her to Independence, Mo., from whence she finally made her way back to Texas, arriving Feb. 19, 1838. Her son, James Pratt Plummer, after remaining a pr soner six years, was ransomed at Fort Gibson, and reached his home in Texas in February, 1843, then aged 8 years.

During Mrs. Plummer's captivity she acain became a mother. When her child was 6 months old, finding it an impediment to the menial labors imposed upon her as a slave, a Comanche warrior forcibly took it from her arms, tied a lariat around its body, and, mounting his horse, dragged the inf nt at full speed around the camp in sight of the agonized mother until life was extinct, when its mangled remains were tossed back into her lap with savage demonstrations of delight. Such atrocities have forced me to the belief that "all good Indians are dead Indians.

This leaves of the sorrowing captives only Cynthia Ann Parker and her little brother John, 6 years of age, each held by separate bands. John grew up to athletic young manhood, married a beautiful night-eyed young Mexican captive, Donna Jaanita Espinosa, escaped from the savages, or was released by them, joined the Confederate army under Gen. H. P. Bee, became noted for his gallantry and daring, and at latest accounts was scading a happy, contented pastoral life as a ranchero on the Western Liano Es-

tacado of Texas. CYNTHIA ANN PARKER. Four long and anxious years have passed since Cynthia Ann Parker was taken from her weeping mother's arms, during which no tidings had been re-ceived from her anxious family, when, in 1840, Col. Len Williams, an old and honored Texan, Mr. Stout, a trader, and Jack H r.y, a Delaware Indian guide, packed mules with goods and engaged in an expedition of private traffic with the In-deans. On the Canadian River they fell in with Pahauka's band of Comanches, with whom they were peaceably con-

Gonthia. Ann Parker was with this During this desperate melec the Caddo beld on to the little white girl, and

CYNTHIA ANN PARKER. had never beheld a white person. Colo- doubtless owed his escape to that fact, as nel Williams proposed to redeem her the Comenches were afraid if they shot from the old Comanche who held her the Caddo they would kill she little girl. in bondage, but the fierconess of his countenance warned him of the danger of further mentioning the subject. He, however, permitted her, reluctantly, to sit at the root of a tree, and while their presence was doubtless a happy event to the poor stricken captive, who in her doleful captivity had endured everything but death, she refused to speak one word. As she sat there, musing perhaps of distant relatives and friends, her bereavement at the beginning and progress of her distress, they employed every persussive art to evoke from her some expression of her feelings. They told her of her relatives and her playmates, and asked wh t message of love she would send them, but she had been commanded to silence, and with no hope of release was afraid to appear sad or de-jected, and by a stoical effort controlled her emotions, lest the terrors of her cap-tivity should be increased. But the anxiety of her mind was betrayed by the quiver of her lips, showing that she was not insensible to the common feelings of humanity.

As the years rolled by Cynthia Ann developed the charms of captivating womanhood, and the hearts of more than one dusky warrior was pierced by the Ulyssean darts of her laughing eyes and the ripple of her silver voice, and laid

at her feet the trophies of the chase. Among the number whom her budding charms brought to her shrine was Pe-tato-co-na, a redoubtable Comanche war chief, in prowess and renown the peer of the famous "Big Foot," who fell in a desperate hand-to-hand combat with the no less famous Tevan Indian-fighter, Captain Shapley P. doss, of Weco, the illustrious father of the still more distinguished son. General Sul Ross, now serving his second term as Governor of Texas, from whom and his heroic father many of the details of this narrative were obtained. It is a remarkable and happy coincidence that the son, emulating the father's contagious deeds of valor and prowess, afterward in single combat in the valley of the Wichita, forever put to

co-na-Cynthia Ann, stranger now to every word of her mother tongue, save only her childhood name, became the bride of the brown warrior Pe-ta-no-co-na, bore him three children, and leved him with fierce passion and wifely devotion, evidenced by the fact that fifteen years after her capture a party of honters, including friends of her family, visited the Comanche encampment on the Upper Canedian River, and recognizing Cynthia Ann through the medium of her name, endeavored to in tuce | er to return to ber kindred and the abode of civilization. She shook her head in a sorrowful negative, and, point n; to her little naked barbarians sporting at her feet and to the great lazy chief sleeping in the shade near by, the locks of a score of fresh scalps dan lingat his belt, replied:

"I am hapaily we ded; I love my hus-band and my little ones, who are his, too, and I cannot forsake them."

BECAPTURE OF CYNTHIA ANN PARKER PI-TA-NC-CO-NA.

This brilliant ach evement and the thrilling events which pr-cefted it, can best be to d in the graphic language of the hero who accomplished it, General Lawrence Sullivan Ross, Gov rnor of Texas, and I therefore append his modest letter:

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, 7 Gen. Geo. F. Alford, Dallas, Texas:

My DEAR GENERAL: In response to your request. I herewith inclose you my reco lections, after a lapse of thirty years, of the events to which you refer:

In 1858, Major Earle Van Dorn, with the Second Cavalry, U. S. A., one company of infantre to guard his depot of supplies, and 135 friendly Indians under command, made a successful campaign against the Comanches, and by a series of well-directed (lows, inflicted terrible punishment upon them. On the morning of Cetober I, 1858, we came in sight of a large Indian village on the waters of the Wichita River near what is now known as Fort Sill, in the Indian Territory. They were not apprehensive of an attack and most of them were still asleep. Major Van Dorn directed me, at the head of my Indians, to charge down the line of their lodges or tents, cut off their horses and run them back on the hill. This was quickly accomplished. Van Dorn then charged the village, strikit at the upper end, as it stretched along a boggy branch. After placing about a boggy branch. thirty-nve of my Indians as a guard around the Comenche horses, some 400 in number, I charged with the balance of my Indian force into the lower end of

the village. The morning was very foggy and after a few minutes of firing the smoke and fog became so dense that objects at but ashort distance could be distinguished only with great difficulty. The Comanches fought with great desperation, as all they possessed was in imminent peril. Shortly after the engagement became general, I discovered a number of Comanches running down the branch, about 150 yards from the village, and concluded they were retreating. About this time I was joined by Lieutenant Van Camp, U. S. A., and a regular soldier by the name of Alexander. With these and one Caddo Indian I ran to intercept them. thus becoming seper ted from the balance of my force. I soon discovered that the fugitives were women and children. Just then, however, another posse of them came along, and as they passed I discovered in their midst a 1 ttle white girl, and made the Caddo Indian seize her as she was passing. She was about eight years of age and becam bally frightened and difficult to manage when she found herself detained by us. I then discovered, much to my dismay, that about twentyfive Comanche warriors, under cover of the smoke, had cut off my small party of four from communication with our comrades and were bearing down upon us. They shot Lieut, Van Camp through the heart, killing him while he was in the act of firing his doublebarreled gun. Alexander was next shot down and his rifle fell out of hands. I had a Sharp's rifle, and attempted to shoot the Indian just as he shot Alexander, but the cap snapped. Another warrior named Mohee, whom I had often seen at my lather's camp on the frontier, when he was Indian Agent, then seized Alexander's loaded gun and shot me through the body. I fell upon the side on which my pistol was borne, and, though partially paralyzed by the shot, I was endeavoring to turn myself and get my revolver out, when the Comanche neare-t me drew out a longbladed butcher-knife and started to stab and scalp me. It seemed that my time had certainly come. He made but a few steps, however, when one of his companions cried out something in the Comanche tongue, and they all broke away and fled in confusion. Mohee, the Indian wno shot me, ran only about twenty steps when he received a load of buckshot fired from a gun in the hands of Lieut. James Majors, of the Second Cavalry, U. S. A., who with a party of soldiers

This whole scene transpired in a few minutes, and Van Dorn, although badly wounded, had possession of the entire village, and the surviving Comanches had fled to the almost impenetrable brushy hills, leaving their dead and their property behind them, consisting of ninety-five good Indians (being dead Indians), a number of wounded and captives, about four hundred horses, and all the spoils of

their camp. The Texas troops had five killed and several wounded, including Major Van Dorn and myself. My recollection is that Lieut, Van Camp was a protege of Hon. Thad Stevens, of Pennsylvania, and had but recently come from West Point. He was a gallant and chivalrous officer, and though at the time in deadly peril myself, and entirely bereft of all hope of escape, I shall never torget the emotions of horror that seized me when I saw the Indian warrior, standing not five feet away, send his strow, clear to the feather, into the heart of that noble young officer.

No trace of the parentage or kindred of the little girl captive could ever be found, and I adopted, reared, and educated her, giving her the name of Lizzie Ross, the former being in honor of Miss Lizzie Tinsley, the young lady to whom I was then engaged to be married, and who has been my wife since May, 1861. Lizze Roca, the captive girl, grew into a handsome young woman, and married hap-pily, but died a few years since at Los

Angeles, Cal. I lay upon the battle field for five days, unable to be moved, when a litter was constructed and I was carried on the backs of my faithful Caddos ninety miles, to Fort Radziminski. As soon as able I returned to my alma mater, Florence (Ala.) Wesleyan University, where I finished my education, and returned to Texas in 1859. At the period of which I write, I was out on vacation.

For some time after the battle of Wichita the Comanches were less troublesome to the people of the Texas frontier, but in 1859 and 1860 the condition of the frontier was again truly de-plorable. The loud and clamorous demands of the settlers induced the State Government to send out a regiment under Col. M. T. Johnson for public de-The expedition, though of great expense to the State, failed to accomplish anything. Having just graduated and returned to my home at Waco, I was commissioned as Captain by Gov. Sam Houston, and directed to organize a company of sixty men, with orders to repair to Fort Belknap, in Young County, reproperty, as his regiment was disbanded, and offer the frontier such protection as was possible from so small a force.

The necessity for vigorous measures soon became so pressing however, that I determined to attempt to curb the insolence of these implacable, hereditary enemies of Texas, who were gre tly emboldened by the small force left to confront them, and to complish this by following them into their fastnesses, and carry the war into their own homes. I was compelled, after establishing a post, to leave twenty of my men to guard the Government property, and give some show of protection to the frightened settlers, and as I could take but forty of my men I requested Capt. N. G. Evans, in command of the United States troops at Fort Cooper, to send me a detachment of the Second United States Cavalry. We had been in-timately connected in the Van Dorn cam-858 during which I was the re cipient of much kindness from him while I was suffering from the severe wound received in the battle of the Wichita. He promptly sent me a sergeant and twenty well-mounted men, thus increasing my force to sixty. My force was still further augmented by some seventy volunteer citizens, under the, brave old frontiersman, Capt. Jack Cureton, of Bosque County.
On Dec. 18, 1860, while marching up
Pease River, I had suspicions that In-

dians were in the vicinity by reason of the great number of buffalo which came running toward us from the north, and while my command moved in the low ground I visited neighboring high points to make discoveries. On one of these sand hills I found four fresh pony tracks. and being satisfied that Ingian videties had just gone, I galloped forward about a mile to a still higher point, and riding to the top to my mexpressible surprise found myself within two hundred yards of a large Comanche village, located on a small stream, winding around the base of a hill. It was most happy circumstance that a cold, piercing wind from the north was blowing, bearing with it clouds of dust and my presence was thus un-observed and the surprise complete. By signaling my men as I stood concealed they reached me without being discovered by the Indians who were busy pack-

ing up, preparatory to move. By the time my men reached me the Indians had mounted and moved off north across the level plain. My command, including the detachment of the Second Cavalry, had outmarched and become separated from the citizen command of seventy, which left me about sixty men. In making disposition for the attack, the sergeant and his twenty men were sent at a gallop behind a chain of sandhills to encompass them and cut off their retreat, while with my forty men I charged. The attack was so sudden that a large number were killed before they could prepare for defense. I hey fled precipitately right into the arms of the sergeant and his twenty men. Here they met with a warm reception, and, finding themselves completely en-compassed, every one fiel his own way and was hotly pursued and hard pressed. The chief, a noted warrior of great repute, named Pe-ta-no-co-na with a young Indian girl about fifteen years of age mounted on his horse behind him, and Cynthia Ann Parker, his squaw, with a girl child about two years old in her arms and mounted on a fleet pony, fled together. Lieutenant Tom Kelliheir and I pursued them, and after running about mile Kelliheir ran up by the side of Cynthia Ann's horse, and supposing her to be a man, was in the act of shooting her when she held up her child and stopped. I kept on alone at the top of my horse's speed, after the chief, and about half a mile further, when within about twenty yards of him, I fired my pistol striking the girl (whom I supposed to be a man, as she rode like one, and only her head was visible above the buffalo robe with which she was wrapped) near the beart, killing her instantly. And the same ball would have killed both but for the shield of the chief, which hung down

covering his back. When the girl fell from the horse dead, she pulled the chief off slso, but he caught on his feet and before steadying himself my borse, running at full speed, was nearly upon him, when he sped an arrow which struck my horse and caused him to pitch or "buck," and it was with the greatest difficulty I could keep my saddle, meantime narrowly escaping several arrows coming in quick successsion from the chief's bow. ing at such d sadvantage, he undoubtedly would have killed me but for a random shot from my pistol, while I was cling-ing with my left hand to the pommel of my saddle, which broke his right arm at domestic war. To-day it contains three

My horse then becoming more quiet. I shot the chief twice through the body, whereupon he deliberately walked to a small tree near by, the only one in sight, and, leaning against it, with one arm around it for support, began to sing a wild, weird song, the death-song of the savage. There was a plaintive melody in it which, under the dramatic circum-

stances, filled my heart with sorrow.
At this time my Mexican servant, who had once been a captive with the Comanches and spoke their language as fluently as his mother tongue, came up in company with others of my men. Through him I summoned the chief to surrender, but he promptly treated every overture with contempt, and signalized his refusal with a savage attempt to thrust me through with his lauce, which he still held in his left hand. I could only look upon him with pity and admiration, for deplorable as was his situation, with no ossible chance of escape, his army utterly destroyed, his wife and child captives in his sight, he was undaunted by the fate that awaited him, and, as he preferred death to life, I directed the Mexican to end his misery by a charge of buckshot from the gun which he carried, and the brave savage, who had been so long the scourge and terror of the Texan frontier, passed into the land of shadows and rested with his fathers.

Taking up his accouterments, which I subsequently delivered to General Sam Houston, as Governor of Texas and Commander-in-chief-of her soldiery, to be deposited in the State archives at Austin, we rode back to the captive woman, whose identity was then unknown, and found Lieutenant Kellerheir, who was guarding her and her child, bitterly cursing himself for having run his pet horse so hard after an "old squaw." She was very dirty and far from attractive in her scanty garments, as well as her person, but as soon as I looked on her face, I said: "Why! Tom, this is a white woman; Indians do not have blue eyes.'

On our way to the captured Indian village where our men were assembling with the spoils of battle and a large cavalcade of Indian ponies which we had captured, I discovered an Indian boy about nine years old secreted in the tail grass. Expecting to be killed, he began to cry, but I made him mount behind me and carried him along, taking him to my home at Waco, where he became an obedient member of my family. When, in after years, I tried to induce him to return to his people, he refused to go, and died in McLennan County about four years ago.

When camped for the night, Cynthia Ann, our then unknown captive, kept crying, and thinking it was caused from tear of death at our hands, I had the Mexican tell her, in the Comanche language, that we recognized her as one of our own people and would not harm her. She replied that two of her sons in addition to the infant daughter were with her when the fight began, and she was dis-tressed by the fear that they had been killed. It so happened, however, that both escaped, and one of them—Quanah, is now the chief of the Comanche tribe. The other son died some years ago on the plains. Through my Mexican interpreter I then asked her to give me the history of her life with the Indians and the circumstances attending her capture by them, which she promptly did in a very intelligent manner, and as the facts detailed by her correspond the massacre at with Fort in 1836, I was impressed with the belief that she was Cynthia Ann Parker. Returning to my post, I sent her and her child to the ladies at Camp Cooper, where she could receive the attention her sex and situation demanded, and at the same time I dispatched a messenger to Col. Is-ac Parker, her uncle, near Weatherford, Parker County, named as his memorial, for he was for many years a distinguished Senator in the Congress of the republic and in the Legislature of When Col. the State after annexation. Parker came to my post I sent the Mexi-can with him to Camp Cooper in the espacity of interpreter, and her identity was soon discovered to Col. Parker's entire satisfaction. She has been a captive just twenty-four years and seven months, and was in her thirty-fourth

year when recovered. The fruits of that important victory c n never be computed in dollars and cents. The great Comanche confederacy was forever broken, the blow was decisive, their illustrious chief slept with his fathers, and with him wers most of his doughty warriors, many captives were taken, 450 horses, their camp equipage,

accumulated winter supplies, etc. If I could spare time from my official duties, and had patience, I could furnish you with many thrilling incidents never published relating to the early exploits, trials and sufferings of the pioneers. My father was appointed Indian Agent in 1856. He had an excellent memory and tr asured these until later in life I listened by the hour to their recital. I remain, my dear General, sincerely your friend, L. S. Ross.

But little of this sad episode remains to be told. Cynthia Ann and her infant barbarian were taken to Austin, the capital of the State. The immortal Sam Houston was Governor, and the Secession Convention was in session. She was taken to the State House, where this august body were holding grave discussion as to the policy of withdrawing from the Federal compact. Cynthia Ann, comprehending not one word of her mother tongue, concluded it was a couneil of mighty chiefs, assembled for the trial of her life, and in great alarm tried to make her escape. Her brother, Hon. Dan Parker, who resided near Parker's Bluff, Anderson County, was a member of the Legislature from that county and a colleague of this wr ter, who then represented the Eleventh Senatorial Dis-

Colonel Dan Parker took his unhappy sister to his comfortable home, and essaved by the kind offices of tenderness and affection to restore her to the comforts and enjoyments of civilized life, to which she had been so long a stranger. But as thorough an Indian in manner and looks as if she had been native born, she sought every opportunity to escape and rejoin her dusky companions, and had to be constantly and closely watched. The civil strife then being waged be-

tween the North and South, between fathers, sons and brothers, necessitated the primitive arts of spinning and weaving, in which she soon became an adept, and gradually her mother tongue came back, and with it occasional incidents of her childhood. But the ruling passion of her bosom seemed to be the maternal instinct, and she cherished the hope that when the cruot war was over she would at last succeed in reclaiming her two sons who were still with the Comunches. But the Great Spirit had written otherwise, and Cynthia Ann and little Prairie Flower were called in 1864 to the Spirit Land, and peacefully sleep side by side under the great oak trees on her brother's

plantation near Palestine, Texas. Thus ends the sad story of a woman whose stormy life, darkened by an eter-nal shadow, made ner famed throughout the borders of the imperial Lone Stare State. When she left it, an unwilling sibow, completely disabling him. millions, and is the abode of refinement.

GREAT ARMY OF PATRIARCHS CAPTURE THE CITY.

Members of the Order from All Over the Country Participate in the Grand Cantonment Drills, Parades, and Other Exercises Occupy the Different Days of the

[Chicago telegram.] The freedom of the city is presented to the great army of Odd Fellows that is now marching into it with banners waving and bands playing. Chicago surrenders to them. The people know that they have nothing to fear from this invasion. They have pre-pared a reception and they extend a wel-come. On public and private buildings are

symbols of hospitality.

Although the Independent Order of Odd Fellows originated in England, it has attained its great prominence in this country. It is the most popular of all our secret societies. It is in full sympathy with our institutions. Its growth has been remarkable. A town is no sooner started in a Territory than an Odd Fellows' hall is erected. There will always be mem bers enough among the settlers to constitute a lodge. This exerts a civilizing influence that is felt beyond its members. Its ritual is refining. An Odd Fellows' lodge is an excellent school for teaching or-



MAJOR GENERAL JAMES PETTIBONE.

der, discipline, and parliamentary rules. Many of the best presiding officers in both houses of Congress and in all our State legislatures have admitted that they acquired their knowledge of how to conduct the proceedings of deliberate bodies while serving in an Odd Fellows' lodge.

The Lake Park has been turned over to the Odd Fellows during their stay. It will next be used by the managers of the great Columbian Fair. It is to be hoped that the present tenants, who are from almost every State and Territory and the various provinces of Canada, will be so well pleased with the place that they will give a good account of it when they return to their homes, and that they will all come back in 1893 and go into camp again.

Odd Fellows Capture the City.

The Patriarch Militant with his plumed hat, bright sword, and gay uniform will be met at every turn on the streets of Chicago this week. Sometimes he will be seen with his wife, who is a Daughter of Rebekah. At the next crossing he will be met marching behind a band. Down on the Lake Front, where that long row of raised seats has been bleaching in the sun for several days, he will deport himself in military evolutions. The great triennial cantonment beglas this morning. Patriarchs are flocking



PRIGADIER GENERAL A. J. WOODSCRY. to the city by cantons and divisions from every direction. As usual there has been trouble about railroad rates, and the arrival of many of the cantons has been slightly

delayed thereby. Nearly every train brought in uniformed hodles of the order, and hundreds upon hundreds of the members of the civil branches. On the streets men in uniform or men and women wearing Odd Fellow badges were so numerous as to form a large part of the throngs that crowded, the downtown district. Odd Fellows are here from every part of the Union and from Canada. Lieutenant General Underwood, the Grand Sire of the order and the Commander of the Patriarchs Militant, has imparted much of his own enthusiasm to the order, and as a result this will be one of the largest gatherings of any secret order ever held. He has sent out over half a million letters and circulars relative to the cantoument, and bas otherwise advertised it in a way to make

Barnum look to his laureis.

This gathering has no legislative powers or functions. It is, one purely for display and to get representatives and members of the order, together that they may see how big an organization they are. Drills, parades and contests of merits with adjuncts of a similar character are the principal things on the programme. The contests in the civil branches of the order began early yesterday and will continue throughout the

Hoisting the Flags.

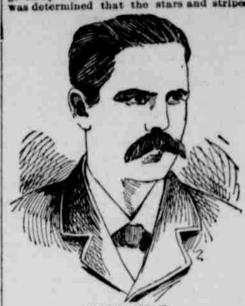
The lake front all day was a continual scene of animation. At no time were there less than several thousand people on the ground. The magnificent view of the lake afforded from the grand stand, as well as a desire to see the drill and parade grounds, brought visiting Odd Fellows and their friends there throughout the day. The ex-



THEODORE A. ROSE.

flags. The significance of this ceremony was that it was the official signal that the cantenment had begun. Each of the flags was raised on a separate staff. A crowd that nearly filled the grand stand was present to witness the ceremony. Gen. A. C. Cable, of Covington, Ohio, raised the stars and stripes. The Canadian flag was raised by Col. A. H. Kavanagh, of Lynn, Mass., and Capt. T. Steers, of Chicago, while the militare flag went aloft raised by Gen. S. H. man who tries to do it.

CHICAGO IN THE LINKS. Kelsey, of Atchison, Kan. It was the intention to raise all three flags at the same tention to raise all three flags at the same instant, and the signal for that purpose was given by Gen. Underwood. But Gen. Cable was determined that the stars and stripes



PRANCISCO BLAIR. should go up first, and, as he had hold of the rope, they did. Preceding and following the flag-raising a military band played a number of national airs.

General Underwood's Big Job. A few years ago the importance and magnitude of the Odd Fellows' order were not adequately appreciated. Not many men outside of the organization had any conception of the fact that it was and is the largest civic order on the globe. The grand army of 1,400,000 members, while distributed throughout the length and breadth of this continent and the British Isles, never made their aggregate strength known to outsiders, and the order, while yielding potent sway over the minds of the brethren and exercising great influence in all matters in an unseen and unfelt way, received no credit for it by the world at large. These facts had long lain dormant in many Odd Fellows' minds, but it was General John C. Underwood, the present Grand Sire of the whole order and the Generalissimo of its magnifi-

cent military branch, who changed the aspect of affairs. He it was who, six years ago, organized the body of militant patriarchs, and it is chiefly due to his unceasing labors and to his indefatigable zeal that this youngest limb on the mighty tree of Odd Fellowship has developed so famously, has grown and flourished, until now it alone presents a strength numerically greater than that of many entire national organizations of secret nature. He has brought about the



present triennial cantonment of this body militant of the order, and he it is to whom the success of the whole gigantic undertaking will be due above an. How enormous a task General Underwood loaded on his own shoulders can best be appreciated by the members of the order. The preparations for the holding of the present con-clave began six months ago. By his own and entirely unaided General Underwood began as a first preliminary negotiations with the various railroad companies whose lines point to Chicago as their center. These negotiations were so eminently successful hat a saving of from \$50,000 to \$75,000 was effected in rebates and reduced rates for members of the order now in town or hastenng hither on wings of steam. The General's efforts, in fact, were phenomenally effective. This is best seen by the fact that he obtained special rates so advantageous that they are probably the lowest ever granted by large rallroads. From Boston and return the fare was reduced to \$13-about one-third the regular fare, and for return tickets from New York and all other points along the Atlantic seaboard the rate is only \$10. These prices, of course, only hold good for organized bodies of Odd Fellows, but even for individual tickets an allowance so large was obtained that the fare was refuced to an average of less than one-half. Having thus fully covered the preliminaries. General Underwood came from his Ken-tucky home to Chicago and went into permanent headquarters on the ninth floor of the Pullman Building. That was two months ago, and from that time on he has worked and slaved all through the terribly



GERTRUDE A. SCHWARZ, NOBLE GRAND OF FLORA LODGE, ORDER OF REBERAH. trying heat of the summer organizing the other work that yet remained to be done before the mammoth cantonment could be

come a success. A Man Who Has the Grip.

Adjutant General Frost is one of the most attractive figures at the cantonment, and of course he is one of the busiest and most important officers. General Frost is a Massachusetts man, but has not resided there for years, as he has since 1885 devoted all his time to the work of the Patriarchs Militant, which order he assisted in found-ing. "We began in Baltimore," he said, with thirty swords, and now we have twenty brigades, sixty regiments and five hundred cantons." General Frost is a most enthusiastic Patriarch, and is a most enthusiastic l'atriarch, and in his elaborate militant uniform is decidedly picturesque. Though not a tall man his cocked hat with its waving plumes makes him appear so. He has a military carriage which is borne out by a brusque, commanding voice, and he utters his commands to the thousands in a true military air. At an earlier period the General has had black hair and a large black mustache, but these have changed from black to gray, and the mustache is almost white. He is well qualified for the position he holds in the patriarchs. He was in the war from start to finish, and carried from the second Bull Run field a broken jaw. He has been in active military life since 1859. and yet the General is a young man in appearance.

LABOR conquers all things, even the